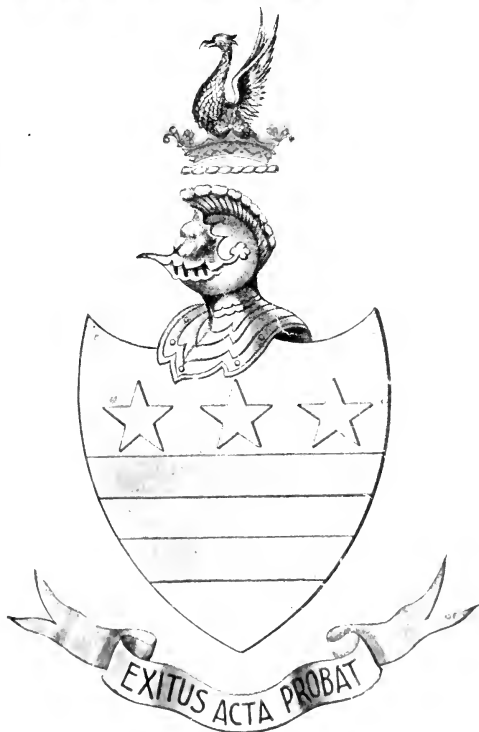


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# HAREWOOD



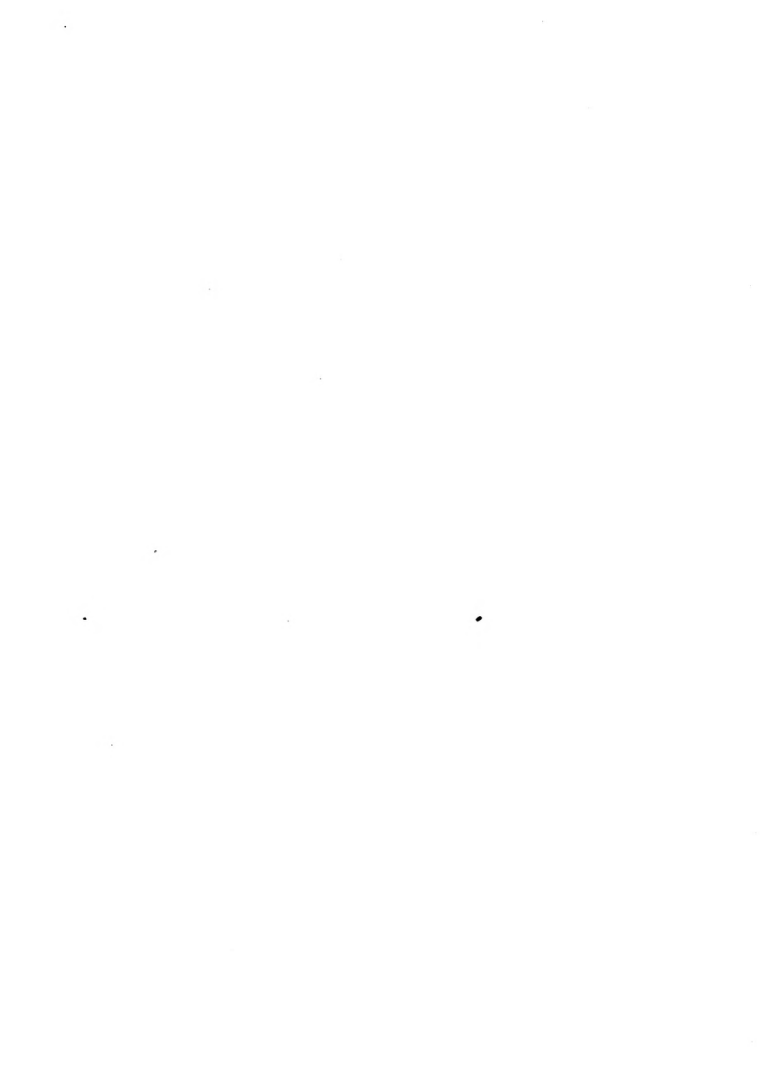
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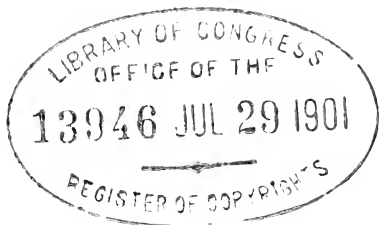




# HISTORIC



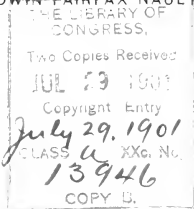
# HAREWOOD



PUBLISHED AT PHILADELPHIA BY  
THE WASHINGTON MANOR ASSOCIATION  
FOR THE PURCHASE AND PRESERVATION  
OF HISTORIC HAREWOOD

HEADQUARTERS  
112 SOUTH FOURTH STREET  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

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# HISTORIC HAREWOOD OF PLEASANT MEMORY AND PATRIOTIC ASSOCIATION

The best way to see Historic Harewood is as the writer saw it, one lovely spring day. It lies on the Smithfield Pike, three miles from Charles Town, West Virginia, and eleven miles west of Harper's Ferry, the scene of John Brown's exploit. The land on which Harewood stands has successively been in Frederick, Berkeley and Jefferson counties, Virginia, but it is now in West Virginia, as during the Civil War period Jefferson county was taken from Virginia and added to West Virginia.

The manor house of Harewood was built under the superintendence of General George Washington by his brother, Colonel Samuel Washington, on a tract of land owned by the General and his brothers, Colonel Samuel, John and Charles Washington, in 1752-56. It is constructed of blue-gray limestone quarried from the famous ledge that runs through the estate, and it is quaintly recorded that one Shirley Smith, who hauled the stone for the building was paid for his work "an acre of ground per team per day."

Two miles and a half from Charles Town the pike sweeps up a knoll, and from the top of this knoll you get your first view of Harewood. "Harewood of pleasant memory and patriotic association," as an old chronicler lovingly expressed it.



HAREWOOD FROM THE KNOLL.

From the field by the road the view of Harewood is entrancing. There stands the manor house in all its gentle dignity. It appears to be in an atmosphere of another day and time: Beauty, peace and content seem to crown it, and one can almost see the gay cavalcades winding their way in Colonial times to the welcome of its portals. In the foreground is the great outcrop of limestone about which graze a flock of sheep.

Back to the road and our horses again; a short canter brings us to the present gate. This is a quaint Virginia idea. You ride up a-horse and pull down on the rope hanging from the wooden arm: the gate swings over and through the post, and in you go. Once inside and clear of the gate you pull the rope again and the gate swings shut. Quaint, but effective in a country where nearly every one rides horse back.





THE MAPLE DRIVE.

Part way down the maple drive we halt for a moment to get our first close view of Harewood.

To the left stands the manor house, with its dear old garden beyond. To the right is the old office, built of the same material as the house. Just beyond the small gate in the background is the place of sepulcher where lie the bodies of Colonel Samuel Washington, his wives, and descendants.

A little further and we stand in front of Harewood. Except that the porch has been rebuilt the house is to-day as it was when first completed. Its walls are two feet thick and would withstand an assault by artillery. The heavy shutters, gray green with age, and of a tone that no paint could equal, were made by honest workmen under the careful eye of Washington, and they did their work well.

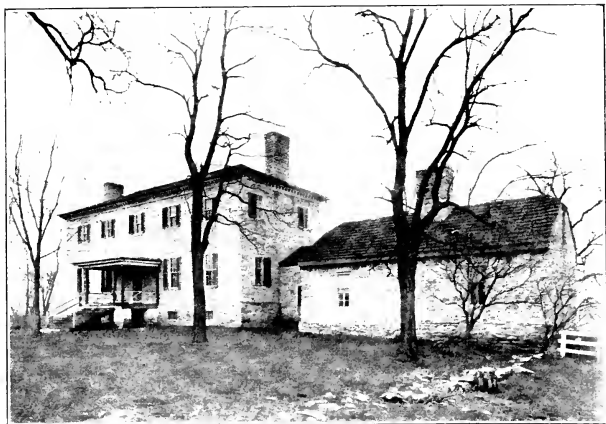


PRESENT FRONT OF HAREWOOD.

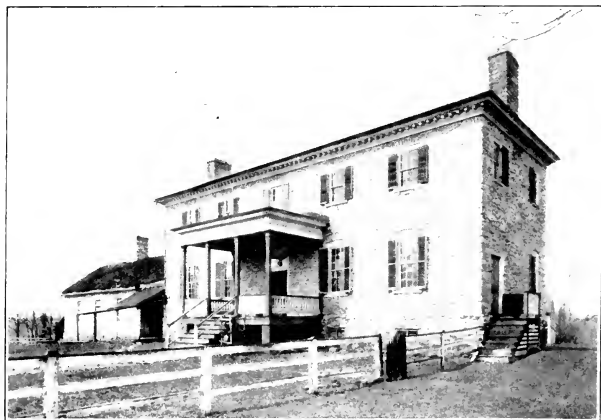
Down the drive fifty feet and we get the west view, this time showing the kitchen building. Its great chimney has roared to the merry tune of many a well chosen feast. In other days a number of great honey locust trees curtained the house from view on this side. Although now used as the front, this was the back of the house in Washington's day.

Directly back of where we are, facing the Manor, is the old stone office building where was attended to all the work of supervision of the Harewood estate.

Let us go around the north end and stand for a moment to get a view of the old front of the house. Here again the old porches have been replaced with modern ones, but the capitals and balustrades are still extant, and the original porches will be duplicated and restored when the property is acquired.



HAREWOOD FROM THE WEST.



OLD FRONT OF HAREWOOD.



STAIRWAY AT HAREWOOD.

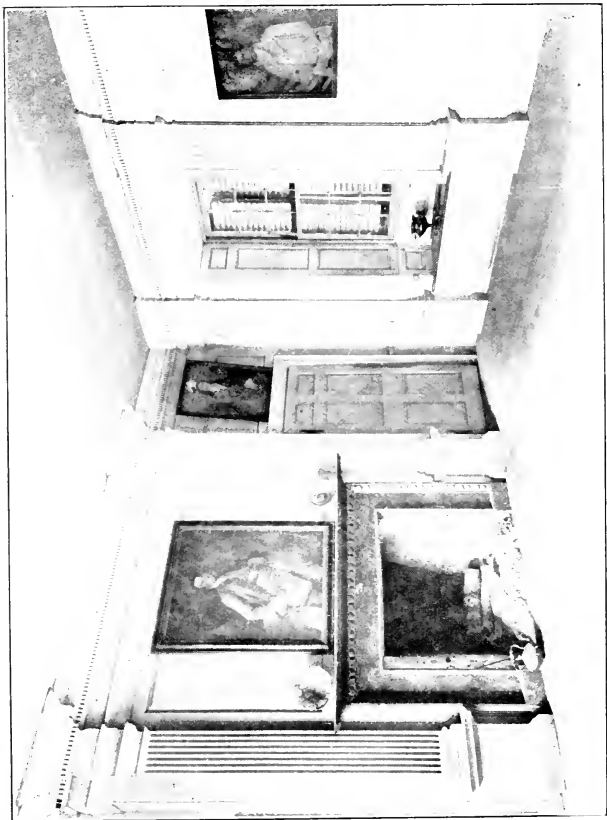
Once inside the house the grand stairway compels admiration. It is very like the one at Mount Vernon, only broader and easier to mount. Martha Washington said it was the easiest staircase to climb she ever knew. On the walls are shown portraits of Colonel Samuel Washington, who died in 1781, and his son George Steptoe Washington, who at seventeen married Lucy Payne, sister of Dolly Madison, who was two years his junior. George Steptoe Washington succeeded to Harewood on the death of his eldest brother Ferdinand, under the guardianship of General Washington, and lived there with his bride when hither came James Madison and the charming Widow Todd from Philadelphia to be married.

Here also just out of our view hang the portraits of Anne Steptoe, the second wife of Colonel Samuel Washington, and the portrait of Lucy Payne Washington, the winsome sister of Dolly Madison, who, after the death of George Steptoe Washington, married Judge Todd, of Kentucky.

Over the door hangs the armorial bearings of the Washington family. This shows all the quarterings and gives the heraldic history of the Washington arms. Of course you know that the Stars and Stripes were suggested by the armorial coat of Washington. His colors were scarlet, white and gold, and the main colors were adopted as those of the United States. It was a pretty bit of sentiment when it was done; it proves even more graceful when the flag of the nation that Washington founded waves its glorious hues over half the earth's surface.

There is much similarity between the balustrades here and those at Mount Vernon, and it is assumed that General Washington, when he enlarged Mount Vernon, got the woodwork from the same firm who supplied the fittings for Harewood. On the ceiling may still be seen the watered silk patterned paper which is said to be the original paper.

We catch a glimpse of the parlor, let us enter.



PARLOR OF HAREWOOD WHERE JAMES AND DOLLY MADISON WERE MARRIED  
IN SEPTEMBER, 1794.

Here is the parlor of Harewood, and a stately old Colonial chamber it is. First let us tell of its construction and then of its romantic historical associations. It is panelled, as you see, in hand wrought hard wood, which still bears its original coat of white paint, so well was it laid. The floor is of two inch, sun seasoned, white pine and fits as snugly as the top of a sideboard. Joiners were conscientious when Virginia was a colony. The pillars and panels and base and upper work were brought from England to Alexandria in ship, thence by road and cart to Harewood.

The mantel over the fireplace was given to General Washington by Marquis de Lafayette as a token of his esteem and Washington placed it in the parlor of Harewood. In transit the top marble slab was broken, so some clever artificer was employed to make one like it of wood. This was painted a mottled black to imitate the marble and put in place. It is almost as solid as the stone below.

A curious fact about this fireplace is that the great heat from many a rousing fire on the hearth below has warped downward the marble of the mantel over the opening. The height of the mantel may be judged from the life-size portrait of Colonel Samuel Washington over it. So admirably proportioned is the room it does not strike you as being as large as it really is—a triumph in a way.

In this parlor were wed James Madison, afterwards twice elected president of the United States, and the winsome widow Dolly Payne Todd. George Steptoe Washington, who then owned Harewood, and his wife, born Lucy Pavne, whose picture you see over the door in the parlor, were in Philadelphia visiting President and Martha Washington in 1794 when the first lady of the land found out from the demure little Quaker widow that she had given her heart to the "great little Madison." Of course Martha told the President and he told his nephew, who told his wife, Dolly's sister, and nothing

would do her but the Madisons must come to Harewood to be married. And they did, making the journey in Thomas Jefferson's coach. This is how the story is told by Dolly Madison's grand niece in her "Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison."

"In 1792, Lucy Payne, a younger sister of Mrs. Madison, married at fifteen George Steptoe Washington, nephew of General Washington, and then a resident of Berkeley County, Virginia, where he owned a large and valuable property, inherited (through his brother Ferdinand) from his father Samuel Washington, a gay fox hunting squire who thought much of his wives, of whom he had five, and his horses and dogs. On the walls of Harewood, his portrait still hangs, in powdered wig, long coat and lace ruffles and by it the likeness of one of his wives, also represented in the elaborate dress of the day, with cushioned hair and blue brocade. Here it was that Mr. Madison came to wed the pretty "Widow Todd." In September 1794, Mrs. Todd left Philadelphia to drive to Harewood in Virginia where the wedding was to take place. Fortunately the weather was bright and beautiful as the gay cavalcade were a week on their way: Mrs. Todd in an open barouche, accompanied by her sister Anna, a child of twelve years, the little boy (Payne Todd) and a maid; Mr. Madison and several of their mutual friends driving or riding beside them.

"A most delightful picture is given of the country wedding, friends and neighbors from far and near driving over. Francis Madison, Harriet Washington, and many of the connection staying for days, keeping up a prolonged merry making.

"The girls, vying with each other in obtaining mementoes of the evening cut in bits the Mechlin lace from Mr. Madison's shirt ruffles, and amid a shower of rice, the laughing bride and groom drove off to Montpellier, his father's estate in Orange County, Virginia."

But the Madisons were not the only distinguished folk who



came to Harewood, Part of every year from the time the house was built, except during the War for Independence, came General Washington. Tradition asserts that he built Harewood for his own home but having come into possession of Mount Vernon used that estate as his Winter residence. Certain it is that General and Martha Washington came here often, and, his brother Samuel dying in 1781, the General assumed charge of his young children, George Steptoe Washington and Lawrence Augustine Washington, overlooked their education at school and college, and, as the guardian of Ferdinand and of George Steptoe Washington was in charge of Harewood from 1781 until 1796, including the time when the Madisons were married there.

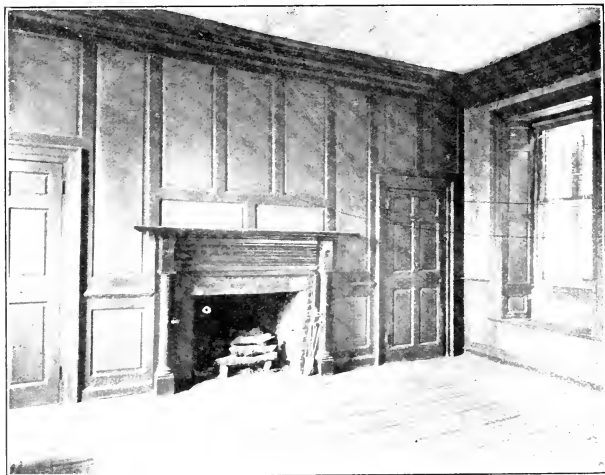
Family history, correspondence of General Washington and court and county records prove his connection and life at Harewood. It was the retreat where he came to be with his brothers Samuel, John and Charles, the latter two of whom also lived nearby, and to see his nephews and nieces of whom he was very fond.

At Harewood were sheltered Louis Philippe, afterwards King of France, and his two brothers the Duke de Montpensier and the Count de Beaujolais, and their steadfast servitor Boudouin during their exile from their native land. The young son of Lafayette was also entertained here.

Many a pretty maid, stately matron and gallant gentleman of Virginia has rejoiced in the hospitality of the Washingtons at Harewood. A list of their names would be a list of all the famous F. F. V's.

One more incident before we leave the parlor. It was out of the window shown in the illustration that Dolly Madison peeped to see "Light Horse Harry Lee" come dashing up to attend her wedding "on the finest horse in all Virginia."

It would be delightful to tell of the many who found happy days at Harewood, but to do so would require a more ambitious effort than this, so we will continue our viewing.



DINING-ROOM OF HAREWOOD.

Here is the dining-room. On the fire-place end it is panelled to the ceiling, on the other sides, only part way. Notice the deep windows and the quaint old hinges on the right hand door. Here was spread many a great banquet in the days of olden time. The honest pleasures of the table ever appealed to your true Virginian. It was a dull time when the house was not filled with welcome guests, and farm, garden, woods and stream were well levied on for their entertainment.

Here General Washington and his brother, Colonel Samuel, have often sat down to a hunt breakfast with friends and neighbors before mounting to ride across country for miles and when the hunt was over have galloped back to the board to toast the belles of the Colony in wine made from the grapes of the Harewood vineyard.



MADISON BRIDAL CHAMBER.

Here is the Madison bridal chamber. The old paper has recently been stripped from the walls and so they appear discolored. It is not that the plastering is loose, far from it. Only a small hole here and there shows the wear of fifteen decades. Look at that floor, see how the boards match. Walk across it and it is like walking on a stone flagging. Note the simple grace of the mantel and the deep window seat.

Here let it be explained that all these photographs were taken without the accessories of furniture. It is very easy with a well placed chair, an antique bureau or a sofa of the olden time to get effects, but it is our desire to show the house for what it is, and we have not called to our aid what the photographer terms "props."



VIEW FROM PORCH OF HAREWOOD.

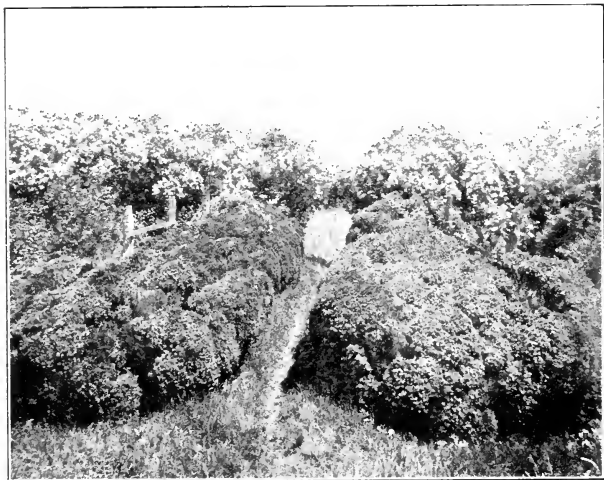
From the window of the room over the porch opens up this splendid view. Of this scene Thomas Jefferson said: "It is worth crossing the Atlantic to see." The photograph was taken in the early spring before the trees had put on their garb of green, and so some of its beauty is lost. But there is enough.

Below is the garden, which we shall presently see closer to, and crossing the vista runs the Smithfield pike. Before the pike was built the pond was thrice its present size, and on its waters has been shot many a toothsome duck for the Washington larder. Straight across the background runs the famous Blue Ridge of Virginia. It is always an entrancing sight whether seen at dawn, when it is as deep blue as violet, or at eventide, when the fading light turn its tone into a bewitching purple.

The break in the Ridge is Harper's Ferry Gap, where meet the streams of the Potomac, "Water of the Wild Swans," and the Shenandoah, "Dancing Daughter of the Stars," as the Indians called these two historic streams. Within this view is the land of three states—West Virginia in the foreground; Maryland Heights to the left of Harper's Ferry Gap, in Maryland; Loudoun Heights, to the right, in old Virginia.

To the right of the copse of trees, crowning the rise in the pike, lies Charles Town, laid out on the land of General Washington's brother Charles, and named after him. It was here in Charles Town that John Brown was hanged. During the Civil War Federal and Confederate troupes bivouaced time and again on Harewood ground. Stonewall Jackson's signal corps were camped on the lawn near the house, while again two thousand Federal troops pitched their tents on the field by the pond. This is the region made famous by Sheridan's Ride and—

"Winchester is only twenty miles away



BOX HEDGE IN THE GARDEN.

Here is a bit of the garden, and before us lies the box hedge said to have been planted by Martha Washington. It is the same species as that at Mount Vernon and is a fitting frame for this pretty spot. The roses of Harewood are famous the country round. They are still there in the garden and in June are a delight to the senses. Many a rare plant blooms in this terraced bower of beauty. Among them a green rose, probably the only one in the country. Rare plants came from every corner of the globe to General Washington, some went to Mount Vernon, others found a home at Harewood.

The lilac hedge is in bloom, we shall get a good view of it presently. Down through the path between the box hedges we go. We stop for a moment and take a deep breath.

The lilacs! How delicious their perfume! Ever after the scent of lilacs will recall Harewood.



VIEW OF HAREWOOD FROM THE GARDEN.

Just a glance back at the house before we cross the vegetable garden to look at the lilac hedge.

Isn't it a stately old manor? Its open doors present the very address of hospitality. Through the wide hall and the door beyond we catch a glimpse of blue sky and white fleecy cloud. It is like a dainty water color. Dimly through the trees to the left we can see the kitchen building and the smoke lifting lazily from its stone chimney. An appetizing odor suggests that the housekeeper is preparing a good dinner at mid-day after the hearty old fashion of Virginia.

But you forget dinner over the beauties of Harewood, so on we go across the ploughed land, and between two grass grown summer house cairns we get a full view of the lilac hedge.



THE FAMOUS LILAC HEDGE IN FULL BLOOM.

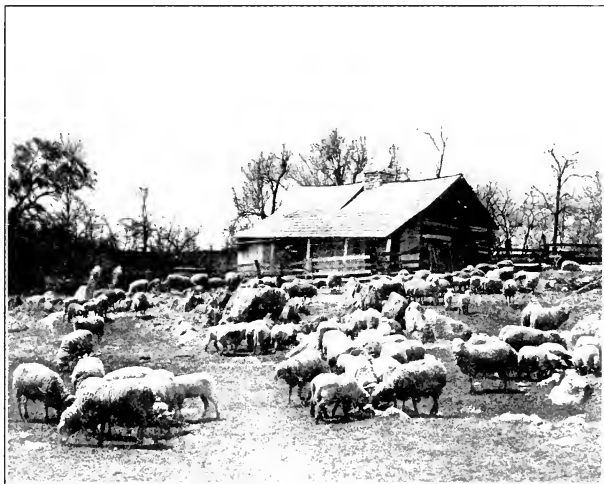
Can you imagine a prettier scene? Your own eyes will tell you a better tale than any words however skillful their use. This is the hedge which is said to have been planted by Dolly Madison. It extends straight across the lower terrace of the flower garden and divides it from the vegetable patch, and in full blossom is one of the most beautiful hedges in Virginia.

About fifty feet back of where we stand once stood an octagonal summer house which was known as the "study." It was a favorite retreat with Washington men, and here they were wont to retire with long pipes and some favorite book, while the afternoon sun lighted up the long glass windows which reached from roof to floor. The Civil War swept it away. Impatient soldiers levied on it for fuel.

Let us stroll to the south toward the old slave quarters. Only one of the buildings is left and that is the overseer's house.

It looks like a painting by some world famous artist, but it is a faithful photograph—untouched in any way. You almost expect to hear the strain of some touching old time negro melody come floating out from the old cabin.





THE OLD OVERSEER'S CABIN.

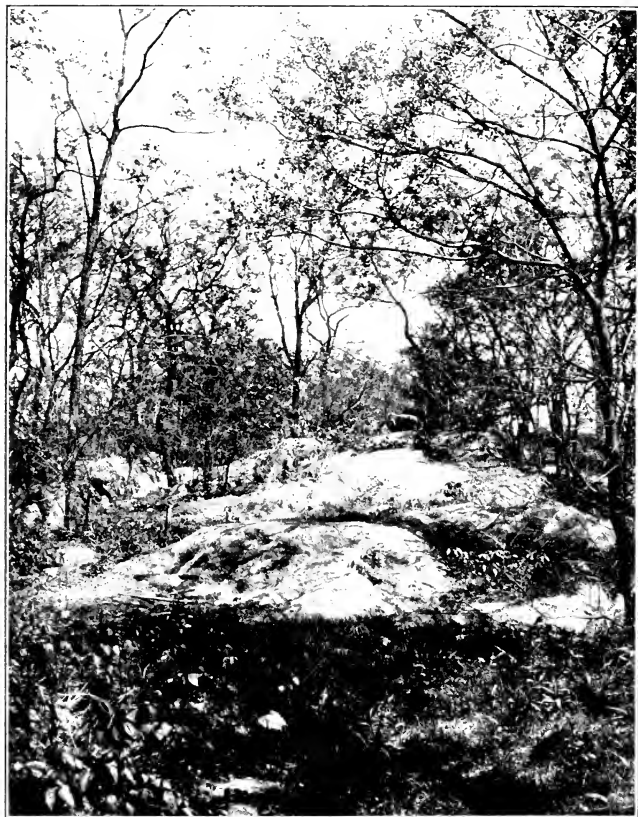
Further on we come to the sweet spring which has supplied the house for many years with water, bubbling clear and limpid from the limestone.

To the lime impregnated water of this valley it is probable that General Washington owed much of his great size and strength. You will recall that he surveyed nearly every rod of this valley for Lord Fairfax and others, and that only a rifle shot from here he took up his first land in the Valley of the Shenandoah. He came here first in 1747, and for three years carried his surveying instruments over the dales and knolls. His enthusiastic reports induced his brother Laurence Washington to buy heavily of land, and the land afterwards came into the ownership of George, Samuel, Charles and John Washington in 1752, on the death of Laurence.



OLD SPRING AT HAREWOOD.

Opposite is a pretty scene. It is an outcrop of the limestone ledge that runs through the property. It is a beautiful bit of nature, but the utilitarian cannot help but figure on the value of the limestone as building material. It is almost without flaw and of a soft gray blue. An ideal building stone. Speculators have offered Mr. John Augustine Washington a very good price for the right to quarry the stone but he will not deface the old place and has refused many high



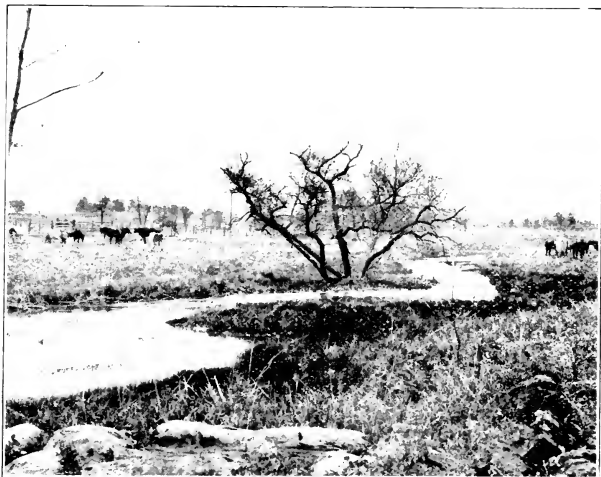
LIMESTONE LEDGE AT HAREWOOD.

tenders. Not many of us would decline to consider a quarry if we owned 150,000 tons of building stone, when an inferior stone is readily sold at two dollars per cubic foot dressed. Under these circumstances it will be seen that the price of \$130,000 for the estate, of 263 acres, manor house, outbuildings, and all, is not a high one. Mount Vernon sold for \$1,000 an acre, and the United States Government paid the Lees \$150,000 for Arlington, even after it had been confiscated as a measure of the Civil War.

Just below us is a weeping willow tree. Are you aware that all the weeping willows in the country are descended from a slip sent to Martha Washington? They are. This is one that came from an older one planted in the last century. Again a pretty view. You cannot turn at Harewood without resting your eyes on some charming bit of scenery.



OLD WILLOW TREES AT HAREWOOD.



VALE OF HAREWOOD.

Here is the Vale of Harewood through which courses Evetts Run. What a picture it is. The lens which reproduces only the form can give no idea of the beauty of color and form combined. See the cattle peacefully grazing, the water winding through fertile meadows ; the trees, the rolling land, the snow white chariots of clouds driving across a sky as soft as that of Naples, and ever and always the mystic Blue Ridge in the distance.

In the hurry and strain of the Twentieth Century we miss many of the beauties of nature, but those wise men who founded this nation in the Eighteenth knew where to place their Lares and Penates.

The writer has seen many beautiful places at home and abroad, but of all the places that have gladdened his eyes Harewood is the most picturesque and the most beautiful.



VALE OF HAREWOOD, LOOKING WEST.

Here is a view looking the other way. Beyond the dam, water cress is cultivated in the clear water and it is cress and not weeds that you see on the surface.

Beauty, beauty everywhere, until your soul is gladdened and your heart is happy, and over all is the historical association that would make interesting a barren barn, but which, added to the natural enchantment of the place, makes Harewood a paradise.

Just below the Manor of Harewood stands the ivy covered ruin of St. George's Chapel, one of the oldest churches in Virginia. It was built in 1747, the year that Laurence Washington laid the foundation of the Washington estate in the Shenandoah Valley. Although only antedating Harewood by a few years nothing is left of the chapel but the ruined

walls. This church was the first building in the Valley to be constructed of the native limestone and it thought that it may have given the hint to Washington to use the same material for Harewood.

Years ago there were many graves in this quiet churchyard, marked by headstones and marble but to-day most of them have leveled out and only a few unmarked, pathetic mounds show where the "forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

The Washingtons often came here to worship, and it is said that General Washington was a constant attendant during the years when, as a young man, he lived in the Valley of the Shenandoah and surveyed its fields and farms.



OLD CHURCH NEAR HAREWOOD.

Built in 1747, this Chapel, now a ruin, was the first Episcopal Church in the Valley of the Shenandoah.

This brief history of Harewood has been published with the specific intent of arousing your interest in the purchase and preservation of this old homestead of the Washingtons, and your contribution is solicited. There are three classes of members.

*First:*—Founders, who contribute five hundred dollars, or more, to whom will be given the Harewood Gold Medal, bearing upon one side the medallion portraits of General and Colonel Washington and on the other, a representation of Harewood similar to that on the title page, and whose names will be placed upon a bronze tablet at Harewood.

*Second:*—Special contributing members, contributing from twenty-five to one hundred dollars, who will be given a similar medal cast from a cannon used in the Revolutionary War.

*Third:*—Ordinary contributing members who contribute one dollar and to whom will be issued the Harewood certificate of membership. This is a beautiful work of art fit to be treasured with care. It is printed on heavy bond paper and bears the medallion of General and Colonel Washington, the Washington coat of arms in colors, the seal of the Washington Manor Association and the signatures in fac-simile of the distinguished men who compose the Board of Regents.

Contributors of over one dollar should remit invariably by check, making it payable to the Washington Manor Association. Those sending one dollar may do so by check, postal order, express money order, bill or stamps, whichever is the most convenient. When money or stamps are sent the letter should be registered, and all letters should be addressed to

EDWIN FAIRFAX NAULTY, Secretary,  
WASHINGTON MANOR ASSOCIATION,  
112 South Fourth Street,  
Philadelphia, Pa.



We feel assured that you will aid us in this patriotic undertaking. Americans are realizing more and more each year the duty of preserving the ancient landmarks of our early history. Poignant regret has been caused by the demolition of other historic houses in the East. When these old places are allowed to fall to ruin they are lost. They may be restored but the original is gone and can never be replaced.

From a casual visitor years ago, the pilgrims who visit Mount Vernon have increased to many thousands yearly, while those who come to Independence Hall in Philadelphia, number hundreds of thousands.

The influence exerted toward good citizenship and a love of country by a trip to such an historic spot as Harewood cannot be calculated. Its educational value upon the young is certain. It helps to keep us in touch with the high ideals of an elder day and brings the romance and the beauty of Colonial and Revolutionary life before our eyes as can no spoken or printed word. No one can go to such a place as Harewood and walk through its stately chambers and about its beautiful grounds without becoming a better man or woman.

By contributing according to your means and your desire, you will perform a service to the present generation and to generations yet to come. If you can afford it, become one of the Founders and have your name placed in immortal bronze on the walls of Harewood. If you cannot do this give what you can. Even if it is only a dollar, it is a dollar toward a worthy object and a dollar well spent. As an artistic production the Harewood certificate is worth that amount. It is not a cheap affair. It is done in the very best manner and is a splendid example of the American typographical art. You need not blush to place it beside your best engraving—it will not suffer by the comparison.

If there is any further information you wish it is yours for the asking.



COLONEL SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE ORIGINAL OIL PAINTING IN THE HALL OF HAREWOOD



ON THE ROAD TO HAREWOOD.









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